Damsels uplifted o'er
the orient deep
To wander where I
wander, and to sleep
Where I sleep; up,
and wake the old
sweet sound,
The clang that I and
mystic Rhea found,
The Timbrel of the
Mountain !
Gather all
Thebes to your song
round Pentheus' royal
hall.
I seek my new-made
worshippers, to guide
Their dances up
Kithaeron^s pine-
clad side.

{As he departs, there comes stealing in from the left a band of fifteen Eastern Women^ the light of the sunrise streaming upon their long white robes and ivy-bound hair. They wear fawn-skins over the robes, and carry some of them timbrels, some pipes and other instruments. Many bear the thyrsus, or sacred Wand, made of reed ringed with ivy. They enter stealthily till they see that the place is empty, and then begin their mystic song of worship.

CHORUS.

A Maiden.

From Asia, from the dayspring that uprises,
To Bromios ever glorying we came.
We laboured for our Lord in many guises
We toiled, but the toil is as the prize is;
Thou Mystery, we hail thee by thy name!

Another.

Who lingers in the road ? Who espies us ?
He shall hide him in his house nor be bold.
Let the heart keep silence that defies us;
For I sing this day to Dionysus
The song that is appointed from of old*